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should do is to recognize that you are in the presence of a master craftsman and look at the title of this picture to see to what purpose this master workman has used his language to speak to mankind.

Let us say his subject is "The Marseillaise." How did he *conceive* his subject? That is then the third and supreme question, because a great craftsman is morally bound not to form a low conception of any subject.

In this picture Pils has followed these principles so far. The conception is nobly dramatic, his drawing so faultless that we do not notice it and therefore his figures all live, and his brush-work, though different from that of the surrounding pictures, is still so modestly personal as to be universal in its appeal and unobtrusive effectiveness, at least among the public which does not care for "stunts" in paint.

His composition, which is the next thing to be considered, is so splendid that we do not feel like making any change, each figure having the appearance of being placed as it should of necessity be. And the element of a lifting pyramidization is so skilfully introduced that we are at first not aware of it. The color is charming, though the picture must be seen to appreciate it.

The final thing that you should always ask in judging any work of art is, How profoundly did the artist express that which his subject demands that he should express? Here Pils scored heavily. One of the fundamental laws of good composition is "the law of concentration of effects." That is to say: Every line and object in a work of art should aid, either positively or negatively, the concentration of the *attention* of the reader, the hearer or the beholder, upon the main point of interest in the composition. Whenever this law is violated disaster follows.

In this picture we see every face directed, either upon or in the direction of Rouget as he sings. The result is, our eyes cannot wander away from the enthusiastic face of the gallant captain, and if they are allured away to analyze the various expressions

on the other faces, we are always brought back to the face of the hero of the picture. If then, as in this case, the face expresses all that it should and all that the public has a right to expect that it should express, and if this expression is helped out by the gesture and expressions of the body, we cannot help being emotioned—and then the artist conquers us.

In this case all men who adore liberty as the highest good and who know what sacrifices for the liberation of the race were made by the heroes of the French Revolution cannot fail to be lifted to the highest pitch of emotion as they study, if only for a short while, this picture in the Louvre. The writer of this can scarcely escape having a lump in his throat every time he contemplates this marvelous work.

Note also the variety and truth of the expressions on the faces. Notice how profoundly each face is expressive of that which it is supposed to express. We can almost enter into the very soul of each individual person in succession. We seem to see two men lost in ecstasy, three others making stern resolves to fight the invaders of France, and even the women are nerved and lifted to a higher resolve. The whole atmosphere is electrifying to all lovers of liberty. From the standpoint of expression of emotion this is one of the greatest pictures since Leonardo painted his "Last Supper." It is an honor to French art and to the French nation. A monument to the artistic capacity of her children.

In every work of art the goal should be: To express profoundly that which it is supposed to express and that which the subject logically should completely express, and with such a measure of artistry that the artist easily and quickly passes on to his fellowmen the emotions he felt, so as to arouse the same emotions in the hearts of all beholders. The work of Pils does this with the utmost completeness. That is why it is great.

This is a strictly modern work, having been painted since 1804. We will consider next a *modernistic* work.

A CLEVER WORK OF ART "MATERNITÉ" BY CARRIÈRE

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WHEN Carrière chose maternity for his subject he selected one that is of universal appeal. But instead of making a work of art of universal charm he made one that appeals to a limited few of his "intellectual" admirers only. It is a clever work of art, not a great one. It is one of the early modernistic works, one of the precursors of the legion of absurd modernistic creations, made since then by the very men who now look upon this work as "academic trash" because hopelessly out of date according to their calendar. Why?

Because its technique is considered to have had its day by the latter-day stuntists in all the arts who judge art only by the one criterion—peculiar, personal technique and craftsmanship. And this is the condemnation of their whole point of view.

For if an artist is sure that his craftsmanship will be out of date in ten years with this modernistic band of aestheticians, what use is there for a serious man to mournfully waste his time in that corner of the field of art? How insufferably silly it all seems! How much it debases activity in the sacred temple of art to a mere selling of the trumpery fads of temporary art-fabrication!

This picture by Carrière is a fine conception, well composed and in all large matters—movement and proportion—well drawn. But the drawing, in its details, was spoiled by the very quality of clever painting for which it was, in its day, highly praised by the modernists—those who now pooh-pooh it—so that which should be the main object of the serious artist who is not a haberdasher parasite [*i. e.*: the

expression of an emotion so completely that it will not fail to stir the emotions of his fellow men] is thwarted by being only half complete, because lacking in force of expression.

In the first place the color is a general brownish-black, hence forbidding instead of delight-giving. Second, everything is only half-realized in form and expression, so that the atmosphere seems to be filled with smoke. Now this smokiness gradually gets on one's nerves; because, as a result of our instinctive hunger for a complete realization of the form, we yearn to brush away the smoke. The result is, the smoke is an obstacle between the subject and our soul—like a veil of gauze—which keeps our minds busy asking questions and therefore annoys our soul, because it prevents our being rapidly and highly emotioned.

Fancy a dramatist, after he has his stage set and while the curtain is going up, suddenly rushing into the stage-picture and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, do not forget that it is I who wrote this play. Please look at *me*." What would the audience say? "Take him to an asylum!"

This is precisely what happens in this picture, only in a much less degree. Why? Because the "smokiness" is out of place; it is Carrière rushing into the stage-picture with his individualistic personality.

The modernists will answer: "We must have mystery in art." Yes, in a work whose subject calls for mystery. Were the subject "Dawn," "Twilight," "Nirvana" or "Creation" or "London in a Fog"—yes! But in such a simple, every-day subject as "Maternity" the demand for clarity and fullness of expression is imperative.

Even one of the admirers of Carrière's manner has said: "There were cases in which the employment of Carrière's plan of the delicate veil of enveloping mist were not successful." We claim it was never entirely successful. Because, to quote him again: "At the first glance at a picture of Carrière, one is *very forcibly* directed to what was *important* to the *painter*." That is the great trouble with his work.

Herbert Spencer in his "Facts and Comments," speaking of style, shows that the "Force of Expression" is the first need in any work of art. He says: "I have been repelled by the ponderous, involved structure of Milton's prose; while on the other hand I have always been attracted by the finished naturalness of Thackeray. And from the applause of Ruskin's style I have dissented on the ground that it is too *self-conscious*—implies too much *thought of effect*. In literary art, as in the art of the architect, the painter, the musician, signs that the artist is *thinking of his own achievement more than of his subject* always offend me." [Italics are ours.]

Now anything which interferes with a penetrating force of expression, like "smoke," is so evidently against commonsense that one is amazed that Carrière did not see that he was defeating himself—if his purpose was to make an enduring emotion-stirring work of art, which purpose alone can put and keep a work in the ranks of great works of art. But our amazement soon ceases when we find that he was part of a movement whose very essence was the assertion and parading of self, of one's "temperament" at any cost, instead

of first of all satisfying the legitimate hunger of mankind for exalted emotion when it finds itself face to face with a pretentious work of art.

When will our "individualistic" artists learn that the way to proceed in all the arts is as the dramatist does: He writes his play, stages it, allures the public to see and judge it—always keeping his personality *out of sight*. Before obtruding his person upon the picture he waits—close behind the curtain, it is true—till the audience has been emotioned to such a pitch that it *cannot help* applauding and calling him to step into the picture to receive his mead of well-earned praise for having lived long and deeply enough to have lifted his fellows to a high plane of delight. Why should a painter or sculptor or poet do differently, and, like a child, rush into the picture to its eternal trivialization?

Here we have a perfect example of "The intellectualization of the emotions." The work is so "mannered," so highly "intellectual," so personal, so peculiar, that its appeal never gets beyond merely occupying the intellect, never reaches the soul of most persons. Therefore it falls flat and never enraptures them as does the great work of Pils which we just considered on page 350 and ends by tantalizing us, because of the more or less incompleteness of its expression.

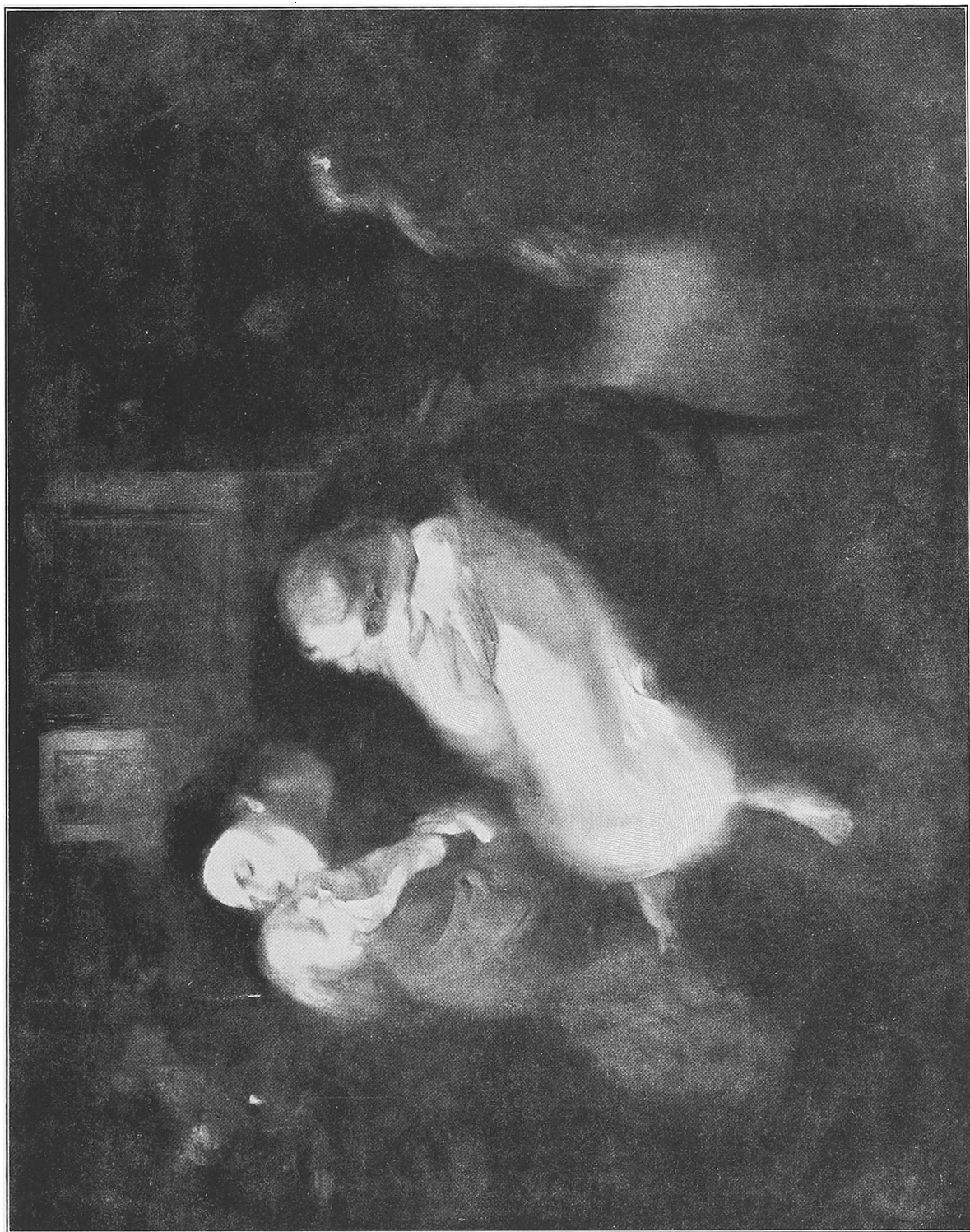
In Pils's work we have all simplicity, naïveté and commonsense. Here we have complexity and sophistication. Here the expression is incomplete, there it is profound. Here we have "intellectual" interest—there we have emotional exaltation such as we seek now and then in a cathedral when our soul hungers after higher things.

Every aesthete knows that the "law of concentration of effects" demands that whatever tends to lead the mind up to the center of interest in a work of art is good and should be used, and whatever tends to take the mind away from that point of interest is bad, and should be eliminated because it occupies the mind with questions and so precludes the soul from being rapidly affected and emotioned. Carrière violated this law when he slurred the form in the hands and feet of the mother and child in this work and also by adopting the very trick he chose—the concentration of the circle of light on the face of the mother and child. This defeats itself because, instead of concentrating the attention on the *drama* of the mother kissing her child, it calls attention to this theatrical trick, which is disconcerting.

Judged by this work, Carrière appears to have been interested less in stirring the emotions of sympathy of the public for the mother than he was in arousing the envy or admiration of his fellow-painters. The work does not appear to have been painted for the public but for his fellow-painters. It is an art-for-art's-sake painting.

But painters are not always the best judges of *art*. They are the best judges of *painting*. But painting is not art. It is only part of art or of a picture, and really of tertiary importance in a picture compared with profundity of expression.

Carrière had his reward. He sought the approval of a few painters and was applauded by them; but the public of culture when it passes by says: "Yes, it is a very clever painting, but not a great work of art because too personal."



MATERNITÉ
BY CARRIÈRE
A Clever Work of Art